

EDITORIAL NOTES.

It is a rare thing for us to have to record so sad an occurrence as that which is filling our hearts and minds at the present time. The words "mob" and "riot" are usually associated in our thoughts with nearly China—not with India. Nevertheless it is India and not China where innocent people have had to suffer loss of property and danger to their lives during the last week. Several of the missionaries of Rawalpindi, as well as some civilians were the victims of an attack upon their houses by an infuriated set of men last Thursday, the 3rd Inst., which resulted in much danger to the personal property of at least one of the number, and even more to the church premises.

It is not our wish to go into any detailed description of this sad event, but simply to express our sympathy with those who have suffered, and our very great regret that those whose professed aim are to benefit their country should resort to methods which must result in nothing but injury to both parties. America honours true patriotism wherever she sees it, but has no words of commendation for such disloyalty as is masking under that title at the present time.

Patriotism is a noble virtue. We cannot associate it, even in thought, with low or mean behaviour. The French motto "Noblesse Oblige" applies to political as well as social situations; and we cannot conceive of a true patriot lowering himself to the use of treachery, or in any way wreaking spite upon the innocent. He loves his country too well to ever alienate her friends from her. His nobility obliges him to regard the innocent as under his protection in an especial manner. Nay more, as we have seen in the case of Japan, and her treatment of the Russian prisoners, true patriotism makes one chivalrous towards his enemies. He is so confident in the rightness and ultimate success of his cause that he seems to take advantage of those even whom he regards as his country's foes. America has her eye upon India, and is ready to encourage every movement toward self-improvement; but there is nothing that will alienate her so soon as any spirit of unfairness or a low standard of honour among those who regard themselves as Indian patriots. It is possible for India to turn a friend into a foe; not so much through injuring a few American citizens as by showing a spirit that is inconsistent with true patriotism. The loss of the property, or even of the lives of some of her people in a fair and equal combat would affect her but little. The manifestation of any tendency to depart from the laws of honour in any sort of conflict, whether with word or weapon, would raise her unquenchable indignation. Missionaries may have made many mistakes, but no true minded Indian can regard them as aught but

the friends of his country, whatever their nationality may be. It is their desire to help India in every way. If this land wishes to prove itself worthy of a greater degree of independence in political matters, it must remember that there are immutable laws of honour and of chivalry which it must respect.

"O LOVE THAT WILT NOT LET ME GO."

BY A MISSIONARY IN INDIA.

It was in March 1904, and the sunshiny scene still lives in my memory. I had left my hotel, and made my way through the picture-gal crowds in the streets of A—The Sabbath was essentially a French one. By force of habit I had turned aside that day from globe-trotting pursuits and taken my place in the church of the United Free among some three-score of God's people, whose mother tongue was English.

On my right and left were missionaries of the North African Mission. They found it refreshing to assemble in worship in the midst of their labours among a favoured Mahomedan people. They came from Africa, I from India. It seemed to me a meeting of the means that we should stand for worship in the same pew, and sing out of the same hymnal. I could not, of course, turn round to see who sat behind, but worshippers in front looked like those who might be residing in this watering-place for purposes of health or trade—some were certainly, like myself, of the tourist type. Immediately in front of me was the English Consul, a man well over six feet, with shoulders like Sadow's. On his left was his wife—slender and well built.

The church was not built for show, but for use. By this, I do not mean that it was common. There was no aisle each side, and the seats ran right across the width of the structure. A platform was placed in front, on the side of which the organ stood. The pulpit was at the rear of the platform, and suitably raised for its purpose. The minister and organist were in our full view.

The organ was in keeping with the building—a plain instrument, of the American type. The organist was a lady.

What the minister preached about I really forget. Perhaps that was not the preacher's fault. He was a pastor there for his health, and displayed no special vigour. I have no objection to a written sermon, but that morning the read sermon seemed, though an able treatise, so fall flat. The Order of Service was what I had been used to in Wellesley-square United Free Church, Calcutta. To me it was all lifeless, formal, uneventful, meaningless, comfortless. Even the words and music of the hymns had failed to stir the depths of my nature that day. I blame no one. Perhaps I was not in a receptive spirit. I cannot tell; but so it was. On went the minutes, and I was not sorry,

The hour sermon, col had been pronounced announced go." Wh —the land meaning g if to pour chard is st les" could announced

While ed a man panist. It I though notes were to have be brightness and song

—O I I gl The M

Was not tell. a seraph surprise ed in the not in t irresistib

—O M My Th

I could wife, for cented t was like created.

—C I A

Whit knees she cov The ha toward

The hour had at last fled. Invocation, lessons, prayers, sermon, collection, announcements, were all over. What had been a most uneventful service to me was now to be punctuated by a hymn and the benediction. The minister announced Geo. Matheson's "O love that wilt not let me go." When a much-loved hymn is announced in Wales—the land I know best—the people stir with joy and cast meaning glances at each other. The worshippers stood as it to pour out their hearts, and one gets thrilled before a chord is struck. That morning it was all contrary. "Listless" could have been written over the whole service. The announcement of even that hymn seemed to stir no one.

While the minister was reading the first verse, I noticed a man of perhaps fifty change seats with the lady organist. It was nothing to mark. "He is the local organist," I thought, "and the lady is a visitor." Suddenly the notes were touched, and the little American organ seemed to have been "born again." Bar followed bar. We all brightened up. There was a master at the keys. We stood and sang:

"O LOVE that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in Thee;
I give Thee back the life I owe,
That in Thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be."

Was the change in me or in my environment? I cannot tell. The lost chord seemed to have been found. If a seraph had come to wake me with a song of Zion, the surprise would not have been greater. The organist seemed to be in the third heaven. Here and there he made passes not in the book. He sang and played, and carried us on irresistibly. Then we plunged into the second verse:

"O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to Thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be."

I could not fail to notice the deep emotion of the Consul's wife, for she stood in the next pew in front. She had ceased to sing, her trembling was manifest. The music was like the sound of many waters. The volume of it increased. The third verse was reached:

"O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall fearless be."

With a strange suddenness the Consul's wife fell on her knees and was convulsed with emotion. With her hands she covered her face while the majestic music swept on. The husband knew not what to do, for all eyes were turned towards his wife. With inborn calmness and strong sym-

pathy he then bowed in prayer at his wife's side. The sight was beautiful, and there were many wet eyes near where I stood. But what of the organist? He was in rhapsody. Down his furrowed face tears made their way. His head of curls added impressiveness to the scene. Bending over the keys, he poured out his very soul. Of time and space he seemed ignorant. The emphasis was that of intense feeling, born of rare experience, controlled by musical ability—both instrumental and vocal.

When we reached the last verse I, for one, wished blind Matheson had provided us with more. And yet we might not have been able to bear it.

"O Cross that liest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from Thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossom red
Life that shall endless be."

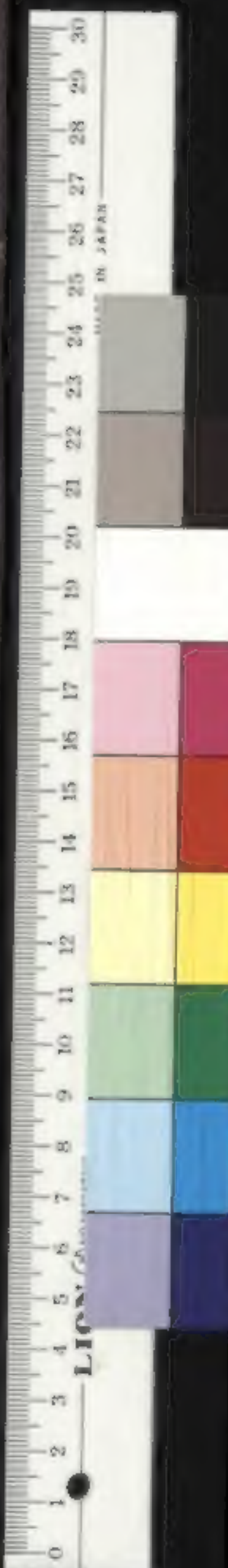
The scene continued the same to the end only with deeper feeling. Great was the relief when the last note died away, and the minister, as awed as the rest of us, pronounced the benediction. So great was the solemnity of the occasion that no one wanted to disturb the silence by rising from their knees.

When the congregation did rise to disperse, several went forward to thank the organist. I was one of them. In the group were several Americans, and one said to the organist, still bathed in tear marks, "We knew your wife." The one answer was a quiet smile, followed by a quick retirement from the church. This man did not feast on plaudits or compliments. He was gone before we could say a tithe of what we felt.

In the aisles and at the church-door I lacked that the man who had waked up everybody's soul was a distinguished Christian singer of England and Scotland. Two years before his wife lay a-dying—and she was an American, equal to him in musical talent. She had asked him to sing to her, as she entered the valley of the shadow of death, "O love that wilt not let me go." He did so, but had not ventured to sing it again until that memorable morning. Ah, that was a sufficient explanation. Sorrow had wrought the power.

I weeded my way homewards, but my thoughts were on the wings of the music, "Blossoming red." Such music (that lost chord), set to such words, I can never hope to hear again until I stand within the gates of the New Jerusalem.

A pigeon's nest, constructed entirely of hair-pins, was found by some workmen in London recently. The hair-pins, numbering several hundreds, were plaited together like a wire cap. The nest was oval in shape, about eight inches across in its widest part, and six and a half inches in its narrowest.



CURIOUS TRADE FOR WOMEN

One of the most curious and interesting of women's trades is the making of small chains, as carried on at Cradley Heath in their own homes. Each worker has her little furnace, hammer, anvil, and a great pair of bellows worked by a pulley. The fire is blown up to heat each link of the chain. It is a skilled and clever trade, but when reckoned up the net earnings usually worked out at about 5s., 5s. 6d., or 6s. a week.

NOTES ABOUT CHINA.

Ancestor-Worship.—The suggestion made by the Shanghai Tientsin, some months ago, that the sums of money at present squandered in the maintenance of ancestral rites should be diverted to the purposes of modern education, has already elicited a remarkable response from the Chinese of Singapore, who are reported to have decided upon devoting to the extension of education the money hitherto spent in processions and feasts in connection with ancestor-worship. It is estimated that some £20,000 will thus be made available. This is a most noteworthy decision on the part of the Chinese colonists, and indicates an attitude of mind towards ancestor-worship which is quite unprecedented.

If the Chinese in their own country would act upon the advice of the Shanghai chief magistrate, not only would a great obstacle to missionary work be removed, but the national finances would be materially assisted by the economizing of the extravagant outlay on ancestor-worship, which is said to cost the Empire some 24 millions sterling annually.

A remarkable edict is announced to the effect that Confucius has been elevated, by Imperial grace, to a position of equality with Heaven and Earth, the supreme deity, as the Chinese regard them, inferior only to Shang-Ti, the Supreme Ruler. It is conjectured that this step has been taken in order to avoid the difficulty which has hitherto existed in the case of Chinese Christian students, who had conscientious scruples with regard to the 'worship of Confucius' which was required of all who sought admission to the new schools and colleges. As a result of this edict Confucius is now regarded as raised above the plane where worship is permitted to the subjects of the Emperor, and is now to be approached alone by the Emperor himself. By this edict we may suppose that Confucius is now represented as the Ideal Man, who, in conjunction with Heaven and Earth, forms a trinity, as Confucius himself predicated of his Ideal Scholar, who should, by the possession of complete sincerity, be able to develop his heaven-conferred nature to its fullest extent, and thus assist the 'transforming and nourishing power of heaven and earth.'

THE ANTI-FOOTBINDING MOVEMENT IN CHINA.

—The question is often raised as to the present attitude of the Chinese towards the ancient practice of footbinding, and many people seem to take for granted that the custom has now been abandoned. This is, unfortunately, not the case, though the anti-footbinding movement has now, happily, entered upon a new stage. The 'National Foot Society,' founded nearly twelve years ago by energetic ladies, European and American, in Shanghai, which has been the most successful of all the anti-footbinding movements initiated by foreigners, has now determined that public opinion on the subject has been sufficiently awakened and that the time has come to entrust the management of affairs to a purely Chinese committee. A number of influential Chinese gentlemen have accepted the burden of responsibility, amongst them being the well-known Tsou Shen Tan-Ho, Admiral Sah, the Manager of the Imperial Chinese Telegraph Administration, The Deputy Director-General of the Shanghai-Nanking Railway, and others occupying equally high positions. This is very hopeful sign of the times, and the retiring committee was well advised in handing over the control of affairs to a committee of Chinese gentlemen, for, however much the sympathy of the women of China may be elicited—not a difficult matter, one would think, where the women are specially interested,—little progress can be expected unless the masculine portion of the population is converted to the idea that the custom is not only barbarous but also unbecoming. So long as candidate bridegrooms regard deformity in their prospective consort as a recommendation, so long will the practice of footbinding continue, and Chinese girls will be ready to undergo the painful process, and, in fact, will be set upon it rather than be disqualified in the matrimonial market and be left to bewail their virginity. The fact that leading Chinese gentlemen are now taking up the cause with enthusiasm and intelligence may be regarded as a most promising omen.

THE OPIUM QUESTION.

—All well-wishers of China will rejoice that the Chinese have taken the step of suppressing the consumption of the drug by the Chinese people. It should be remembered, however, that the task which the authorities in China have set themselves is by no means an easy one; there are, in the first place, financial difficulties which will have to be overcome, and which, apparently, have hardly been taken into consideration. Unless some means be at once devised for increasing the national wealth, in lieu of the present revenue derived from opium, the inevitable alternative will be the imposition of additional taxation, which, at the present stage, would be most inopportune, and would most likely result in serious trouble. The opinion of a Chinese gentleman, lately arrived in England from Peking, may

be taken as a guide, at least in the question of dealing with the reality of the subject, and the opinion of the navy, interference of the parent country may be Government, and there is the young attempt to include private the victim common with as a large source in the, or rather, greatly increased.

It is a movement is a epidemic-connection the Minister's influence as a which the the present reviving of the off-tory of the may be a lead, as to the old will not be tions of a from its

Black Belgian porous or similar gives

In the nor-stirring and were were less Richard

High the term particula adjacent

IN CHINA.

resent attitude
of footbinding,
but the cross
unfortunately
movement has
The 'Natural'
by energetic
it, which has
uding move-
ermined that
easily awak-
management
A number of
the burden of
known Tota-
the Imperia-
ity Director-
and others as-
hopeful sign
well advised
nittee of Chi-
pathy of the
fool matter,
silly interest-
the masculine
idea that the
coming. Be-
only by their
long will the
girls will be
fact, will in-
matrimonial
The fact that
the case with
d as a most

be taken as characteristic of the attitude of a large section, at least, of the well-to-do classes; he is inclined to question very seriously the ability of the Government to deal with the matter in such a drastic way; and also the reality of the 'conversion' of the authorities who appear to countenance this action. The 'liberty of the subject' seems to be impugned; and whilst the use of the opium-pipe may reasonably be forbidden in the army and navy, private persons may justly complain of undue interference if the embargo is extended to them. The apparent ease with which the Chinese appear to be governed may be largely accounted for by the fact that the Government wisely allows a large margin of toleration, and there is nothing like the over-legislation from which the younger nations of the world are suffering; and the attempt to extend the sphere of authority so as to include private indulgence in the habit, even though the victims may acknowledge it to be a menace to the common weal, may meet with strenuous resistance; and, as a large proportion of the official classes are transgressors in this respect, the difficulty of legislating against it, or rather of enforcing what may be decreed, will be greatly increased.

It is obvious that what is most needed at the moment is a national movement against the practice of opium-smoking, and it is interesting to notice, in this connexion, that his Excellency Tang Shao-yi, one of the Ministers of Foreign Affairs, proposes a preaching crusade throughout the eighteen provinces in order to influence public opinion on the subject. Unless the people as a whole are led to see the overwhelming evils which threaten the nation in the extension of the habit, the present regulations will probably have the effect of reviving much of the smuggling, with the connivance of the officials, which was so common in the earlier history of the trade; and the increasing difficulties which may be expected to meet the opponents of the vice may lead, as so often happens in China, to a gradual relapse to the old ways. It is earnestly to be hoped that such will not be the case, but there are not wanting indications of an unreality about the movement which detract from its superficial hopefulness.

Black smoke is got rid of in a novel fashion in some Belgian factories. The smoke is driven by fans into a porous receptacle, over which flows a stream of petroleum or similar liquid. The smoke is thus turned into gas that gives great heat, and can be used for running gas-engines.

In the earlier ages the Romans used neither saddles nor stirrups. Saddles were in use in the third century, and were mentioned as made of leather in 304 A. D. The were known in England about 600 A. D. Anne, queen of Richard II., introduced side saddles for ladies.

High seas, like highways, means for the public use, and the term is applied to all the which is not property of a particular country. The sea three miles out belongs to the adjacent country.

THE FAITHFUL ROBIN.

The story of the little dog that had to be taken by force from the grave of its mistress in Koydon Churchyard has reminded the Bishop of Hooking of an incident in the same village, when he was officiating at the funeral of the late vicar. After the coffin had been placed in the chancel, and just as the service was beginning, a little robin hopped up the centre aisle, and finally alighted on the coffin, where, as the service proceeded, he sang a few notes at intervals. I was told after the service, says the Bishop, that the same little bird was a pet of the vicar's.

PRINCE AND THE COPPER.

Prince Arthur of Connaught is, perhaps, the most popular officer of his rank in the Army. An amusing incident took place, says "M. A. P." while he was with his regiment at Aldershot. A lady journalist went up to a sergeant, and asked if the Prince was anywhere about. "Yes, madam." Leading her off towards the men's coffee bar, he pointed through a window to a young officer seated on the edge of the counter waistling to himself, and gravely counting the coppers in the till and noting them down in an account book. "That's him!" said the soldier. "Don't look much like a prince just now, does he, miss?"

CLEVELAND BAITED THE HOOK.

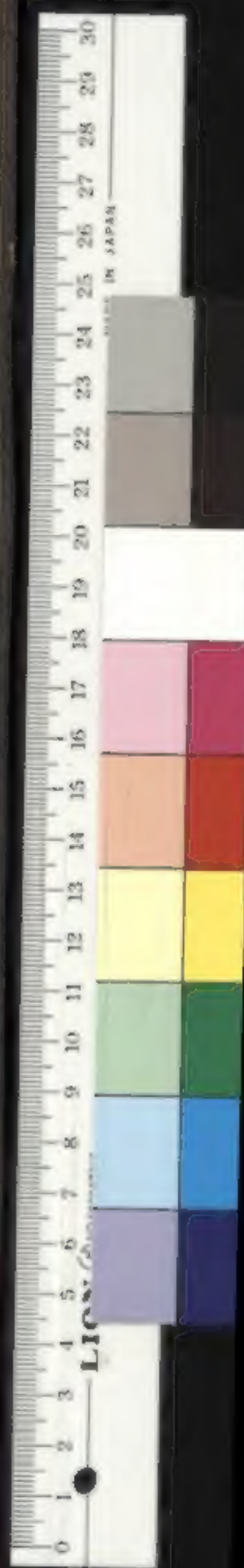
—On one of his fishing excursions, says the New York Times, General Cleveland came across a little girl sitting beside a stream, casting a line in the water. The child knew Mr. Cleveland by sight, having often seen him pass with basket and rod, and, feeling sure of his sympathy in her present occupation, she looked up and addressed him, saying, pleasantly: "Good morning, Mr. Cleveland, I'm fishing."

"But you haven't any bait on your hook," Mr. Cleveland remarked, calling attention to the omission as she pulled the line up out of the water. "You can not catch fish without bait."

"But I don't like to put the bait on the hook," answered the little girl, deprecatingly; "the worms wriggle so. They won't keep still while I put them on. If you'll put the bait on for me, I'll let you have the fish, Mr. Cleveland, if I catch one."

"Hd ha!" laughed the ex-President. "This isn't the first time I've met with such a proposition. Give me your hook, little politician," and he proceeded to gratify the young angler by baiting her hook for her.

Rats in Yokohama are difficult to exterminate. Among the poorer classes they are regarded as messengers of the deity, Good Luck, and they are therefore protected from harm.



HOW ROOSEVELT HONORED A FAMOUS FRENCH PAINTER.

—President Roosevelt's "attractive life essays" translated into French have aroused interest among Frenchmen in his personality. To meet that, says the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, Albert Savine has written a compilation of stories about the President. In the book we find the following account of how the famous Chattran portraits of Mrs. and Miss Roosevelt came to be painted:

"Some days after the departure of Prince Henry of Prussia, M. Cambon (the French ambassador at Washington) asked himself what he could do to counteract the impression caused by the notable attentions paid by the brother of Wilhelm II. This idea came to him: 'Why should not the French republic order a portrait of Mrs. Roosevelt by Chattran?' The famous painter happened at that time to be the ambassador's guest.

"Information was conveyed to Roosevelt of the gift which the French Government offered and an engagement was made for the first sitting. But in the evening of that date the President called at the French embassy.

" 'Mrs. Roosevelt,' he said, 'has been thinking it over. She is no longer a young woman. Our daughter, Alice, is in the flower of youth. Mrs. Roosevelt is afraid that we shall be criticized for having her portrait made in preference to Alice's.

" M. Cambon smiled and bowed.

" 'Not at all, Mr. President,' he said. 'Our intention always was to offer a portrait of Miss Roosevelt when that of her mother shall have been finished.'

" 'I accept,' said Mr. Roosevelt, visibly moved, giving a vigorous 'shake-hand' to M. Cambon.

" 'How can I reward M. Chattran? I have no crosses and ribbons to bestow. Ha! Good idea. Chattran has been a chevalier (of the Legion of Honor) for thirteen years. Ask M. Loubet for me to make him an officer.'

" This was done. M. Loubet heard and acquiesced in the request joyfully."

Glasgow, with the originality and enterprise which characterizes all its municipal undertakings, has developed a striking method of disposing of its unemployables, its drunkards and other undesirables. Off the Argyllshire coast is a little island known as Shuna. This belongs to the Corporation, and thither it is proposed to transport all the useless encumbrances which the city feels it can dispense with. The island itself is a charming place, well wooded, with beautiful air and scenery, and even undesirables may have a good time there if they can develop a certain amount of industry. But once there they will have to work, and it will not be easy to get back without the assent of those in authority. The island contains 1,430 acres, and offers facilities for a variety of employments.

It is not only for what we may get, but for what we may give that we should go to church. There is a story in "The Lives of the Saints" of a preacher who drew crowds by his eloquence and won many for Christ. His heart got lifted up with pride, and the Lord humbled him. He dreamed that of it was the Day of Judgment, and he approached the Throne with great boldness. To his amazement he was assigned the lowest room. "Surely," he remonstrated, "I am worthy of more honour. Have not multitudes been saved by my preaching?" "Nay," answered the Judge, "the honour is not thine. Hast thou forgotten yon aged woman who waited on thy ministry? She could not read, for she was unlearned; she could not see, for she was blind; she could not hear, for she was deaf. But she loved the House of God, and she would sit in her poor place and pray that the Word might prove effectual. It was not thy preaching that saved these many souls; it was her prayers."

—The most effective position to sleep, for obtaining intellectual rest, according to an eminent physician, is to keep the head low and the feet slightly elevated. Failing all this, the body should, at any rate, be horizontal, so as to irrigate the brain well. The habit of sleeping with the head low and the feet high is also said to be a remedy for brain troubles and certain internal maladies. It can be adopted gradually.

THE HEAVENLY VISITANT.

He was the Prince of Glory
In the land of cloudless day;
But His eyes were wet with dimming tears,
And there He would not stay.
For He had heard the story
Of sorrow upon the earth,
And its voice of woe was in His ears
Amid the angels' mirth.
So down He came in pity,
And with mortals made abode;
And where'er He touched an open door,
He brought the peace of God.
In hamlet, field, and city
He vanquished disease and sin,
And He told glad tidings to the poor,
If they but let Him in.

And in His ancient pity
The immortal Son of God
Still walks on the earth and takes His stand
Where grief hath its abode.
In hamlet, field, and city
There are still disease and sin;
And there still is healing in His hand
For all who let Him in.

DAVID SMITH.

THE INDIAN STANDARD.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

The Organ of The Presbyterian Church in India

This paper is devoted to the interests of Christian work and to all that makes for the uplifting of the Indian Church.

Published at the Rajputana Mission Press, Ajmer, price Rs. 2/4 per annum, postage included.

Editor: The Rev. F. Ashcroft, M.A. Nasirabad, C.I.

All correspondence relating to subscriptions, advertisements, &c., should be addressed to the Manager, Mission Press, Ajmer, Rajputana.

THE NUR AFSHAN.

A Weekly Newspaper

20 PAGES ROYAL 4to

of which 8 are in English.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Urdu only	...	...	Rs. 2 8
English only	...	...	" 2 8
Urdu and English	...	...	3 8

Terms payment strictly in advance

RATES OF ADVERTISEMENT ENGLISH OR URDU.

	3 Months.	6 Months.	12 Months.
One-eighth column	5 Rs.	5 Rs.	9 Rs.
One-fourth	5 "	9 "	16 "
One-half	9 "	16 "	30 "
One	16 "	30 "	50 "
Full page	30 "	50 "	90 "

John—2 no. per line for one insertion, subsequent insertions 1 s. per line. Minimum Charge Rs 1.

MAKRZAN I MASHI

A FORTNIGHTLY MAGAZINE.

English and Roman Urdu.

Indian Church interests advocated.

Epitome of Religious News.

Sunday School Lessons expounded.

Ordinary price per annum Rs. 2/-.

Salaries less than 40/- per men Rs. 1/8/-.

Salaries less than 15 " Rs. 1/-.

Address, PROVERSON PRESTON H. EDWARDS,
CHRISTIAN COLLEGE, ALLAHABAD.

MESSRS WYLIE BROTHERS.

LESSEES AND PROPRIETORS OF

The Lodiana Mission Press

have introduced new Machinery for both Typographic and Lithographic printing in any language and character used in North and North West India. The presses are propelled by steam and are capable of printing from 80,000 to 100,000 pages 8vo, daily.

Estimates of cost of printing are supplied on demand. Special terms will be given for large orders.

BINDING OF ALL KINDS DONE TO ORDER

Address all orders to

**Wylie Brothers,
Mission Press, Ludhiana.**

NOTICE.

The Allahabad Christian College affiliated to the Allahabad University, teaches up to B.A. and B.Sc. For Particulars as to Staff, Fees, Hostels, etc.

Address

THE PRINCIPAL, THE JUMNA, ALLAHABAD.

Sunday School Helps.

LESSON LEAVES in Persian or Roman Urdu 2 is. per copy, per annum, post free. Minimum order 8 copies.

ILLUSTRATED LEAFLETS, Persian Urdu, 50 copies weekly, post free Rs. 1-8-0. Minimum order 50 copies.

Address THE MISSION PRESS, Ludhiana.

3 ' 12

ADVERTISEMENT.

Musical instruments—fine harmoniums of high grade—curtains of melton cloth embroidered with silk,—all sorts of military supplies such as lunigs, pattis, patkās, caps, etc. in stock. Second hand billiard tables for sale or for hire. All orders will be promptly attended to.

A. Butt and Co.,

Billiard Table Makers,

LUDHIANA,

PANJAB.

C. L. S.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

HIDAYAT I TIMABDARAN

A translation of Miss Cameron's Nursing Lessons.
(Roman Urdu) Cloth Re. 1.

THE MUSLIM CONTROVERSY (English)

BY REV. E. M. WHERRY, D. D.

"The special object aimed at in the preparation of this book is to place within easy reach of the student of Islam the outlines of argument and contents of the book published in the Urdu Language & addressed to Muslim readers."

Price Rs. 1.

DAULAT-I-LAZAWAL.

A translation of Miss Marston's new book, "Riches that Fail Not."

SAMPAR DAI (Hindu Sects)

BY REV. E. D. ROY.

Price 6 As.

ADDRESS,

HONORARY SECRETARY.
LUDHIANA.

Do You ride in a Rickshaw?

If you, do you will be interested in the very low prices charged for rickshaws at the Christian Boys' Boarding School, Ludhiana.

For ordinary work, even on the plains, a rickshaw is better than a carriage.

For particulars address

THE PRINCIPAL.

Printed and Published at the Mission Steam Press Ludhiana, for the Editor by Wylie Brothers, —1907.

A. T. S.

TWO NEW BOOKS.

Satyarath Parkash Darpan

BY

REV. G. L. THAKER DASS.

"A complete refutation of the Satyarath Parkash of Dayanand Saraswati"

GANJINA-I-ISLAM

BY

REV. E. M. WHERRY, D. D.

Of special value to Theological Students, and Christian workers in general.

Price Cloth Back As. 8.

Cloth Rs. 1.

Address

THE MANAGER

MISSION BOOK DEPOT, LUDHIANA.

OR NORTH INDIA TRACT SOCIETY,

ALLAHABAD.

TO LET.

Registe

T

Vol. XI

FOR

Speaking of the Irish Bill, the power, it is the Irish Men subject of the people with a minority of the Council

Is the Hon. Mr. Hill was

Sir Euphrates resolution on the In course Mr. Lepel Gifford conference did of India. The Sir Lepel representative preference

Boston's House: the secondary at the the m

Mr. Mark a dispatch from the Party and most experienced and prominent agreed that issued accord

The Shewling with the actual ques

The Kooque in China values of the compete mo

The Free The past of them war It is state

A hundr